



GOLD  
KEY

TOM and JERRY

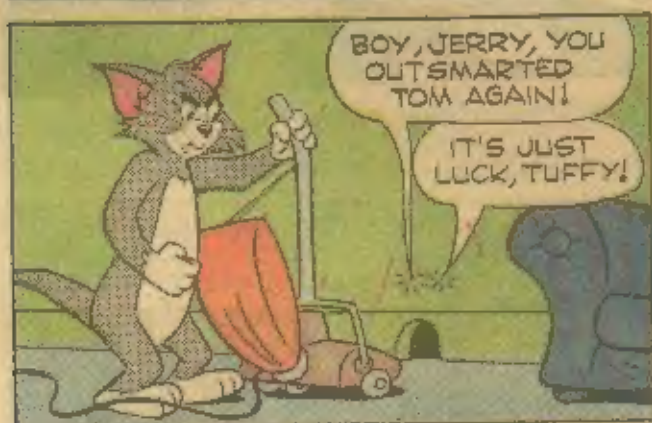
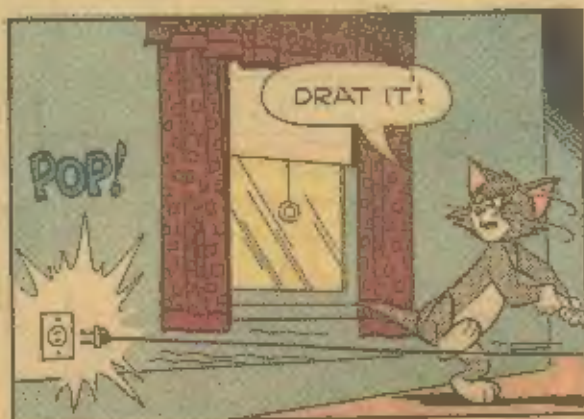
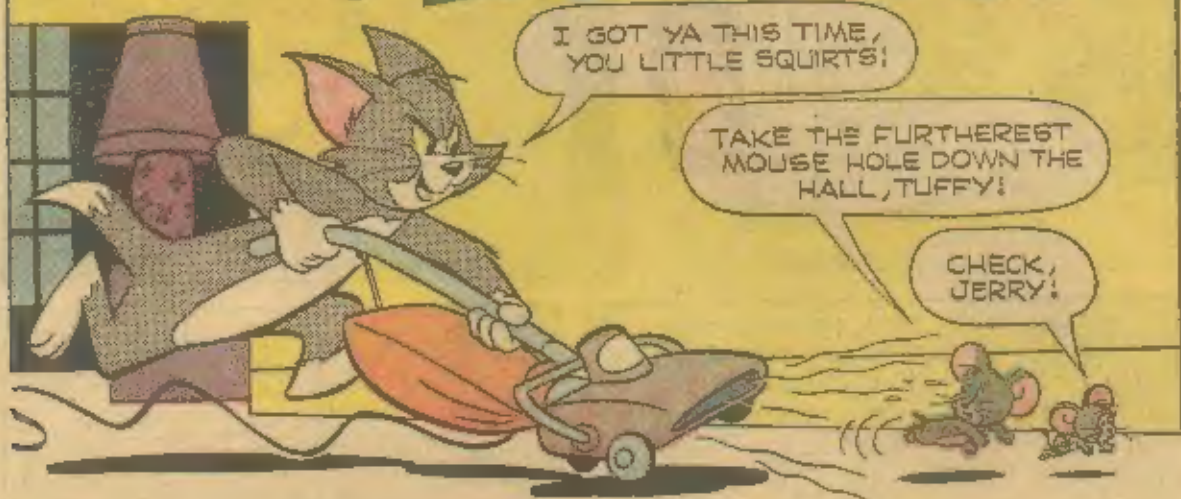
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# TOM and JERRY

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# Tom and Jerry LUCKED OUT

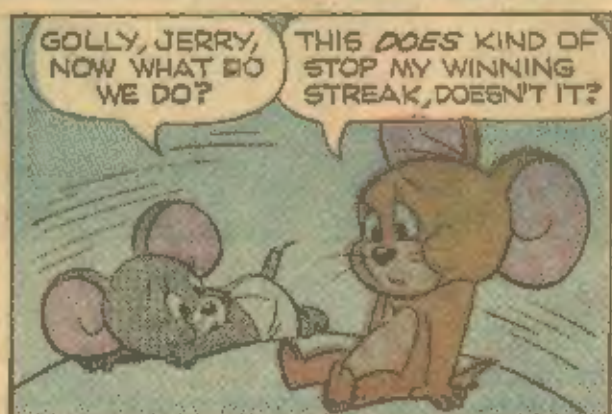
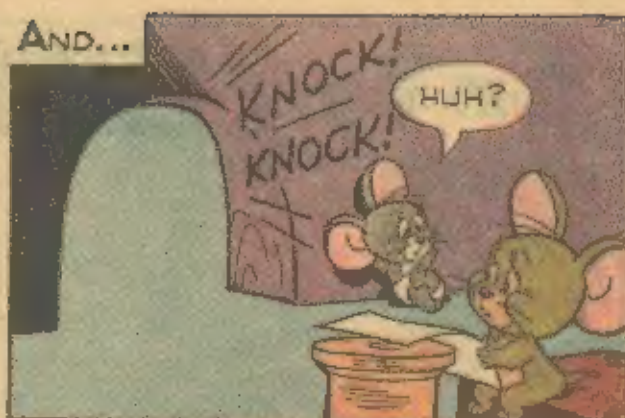


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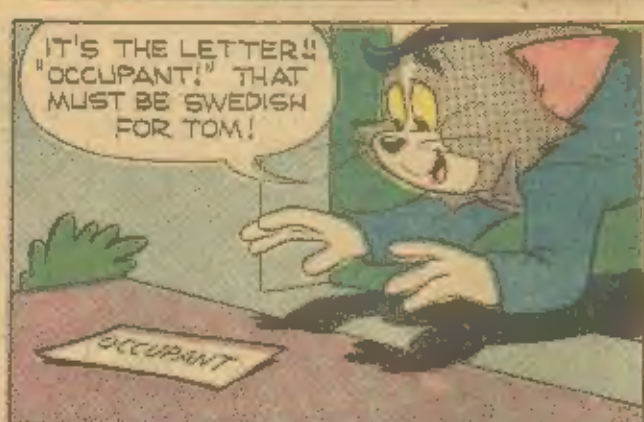
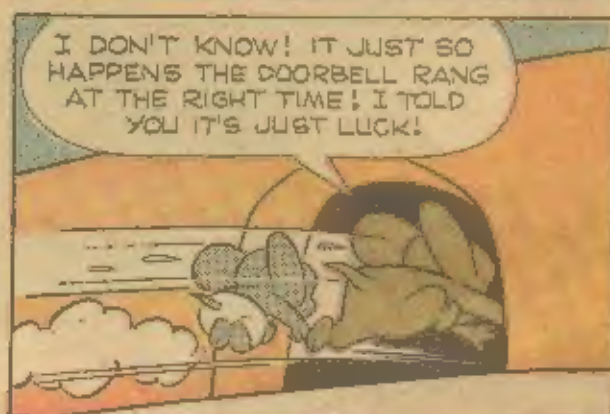
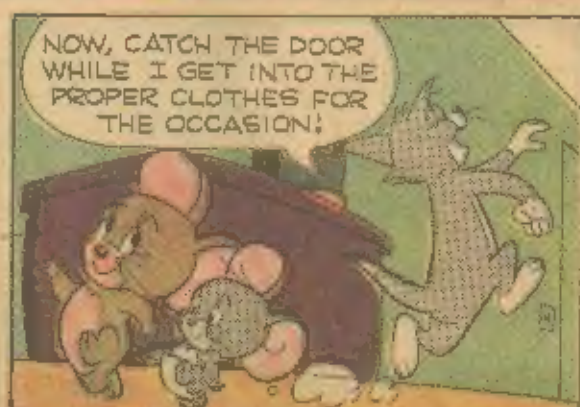
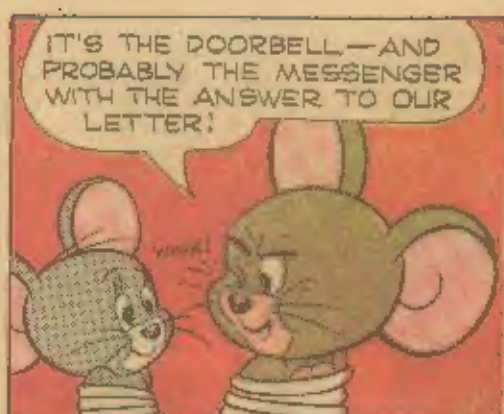




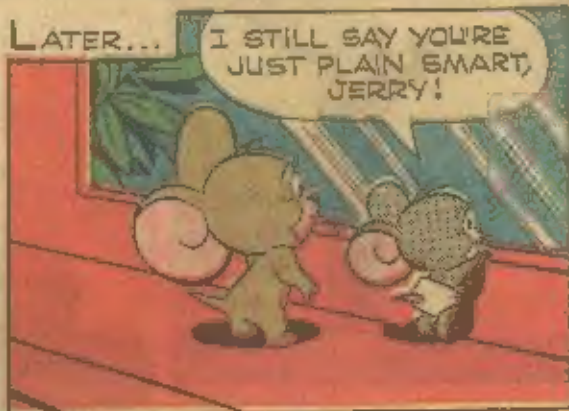
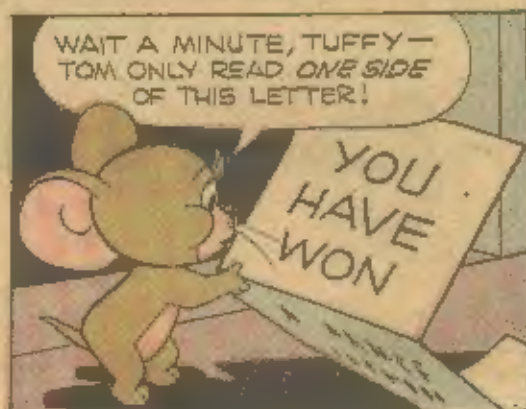
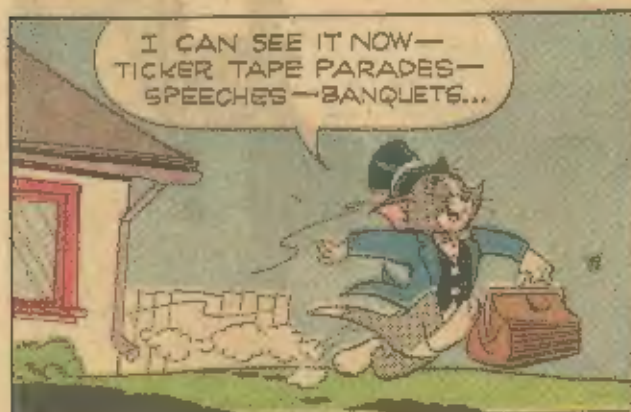














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# TOM and JERRY

TUFFY, AS MOUSE TO MOUSE,  
DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER  
AMOUNT TO MUCH?

I DON'T KNOW—  
MAYBE WE CAN  
GROW UP TO  
BE RATS!

TAKE EDISON, FOR  
INSTANCE! LOOK  
WHAT **HE** DID!

HOW DO YOU KNOW  
**WE** CAN'T INVENT  
STUFF? WE NEVER  
TRIED!

BUT HOW  
DO WE  
START?

IT'S SIMPLE, JERRY!  
WE'LL JUST START  
PUTTING STUFF  
TOGETHER AND  
SEE WHAT WE  
GET!

WHAT'RE THOSE MICE  
UP TO THERE?

WHAT IS THAT  
MONSTROSITY?

WHO KNOWS?

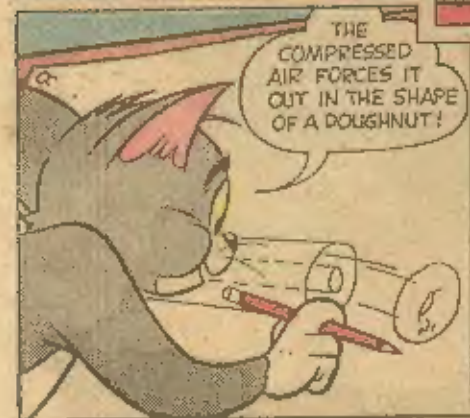
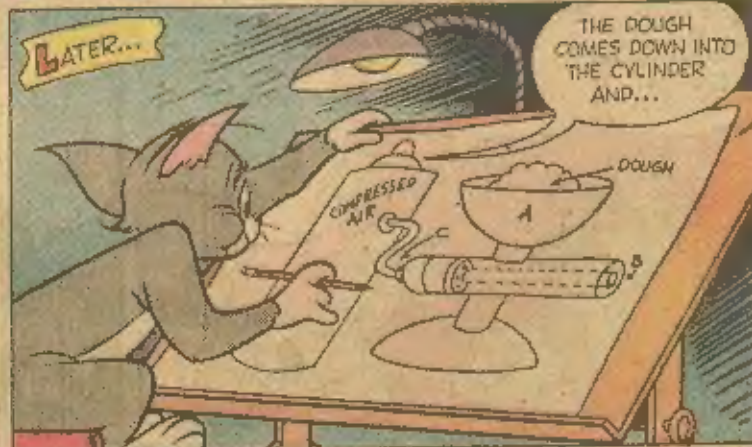
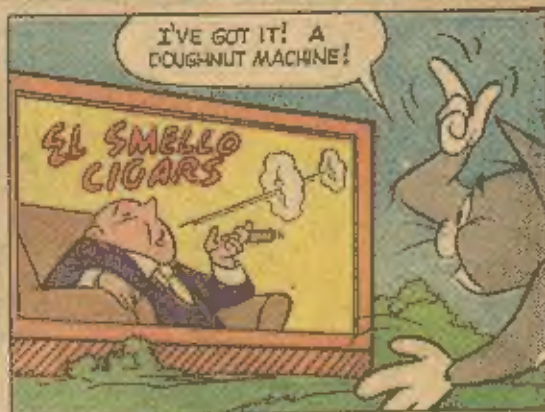
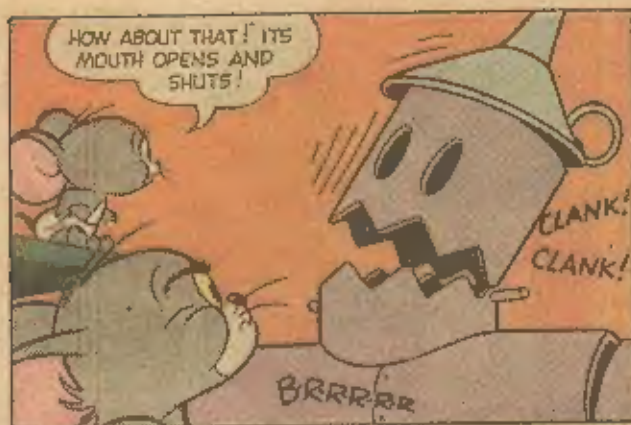
IT LOOKS  
LIKE A  
ROBOT!

IT DOES?  
THEN WE  
INVENTED  
A **ROBOT**!

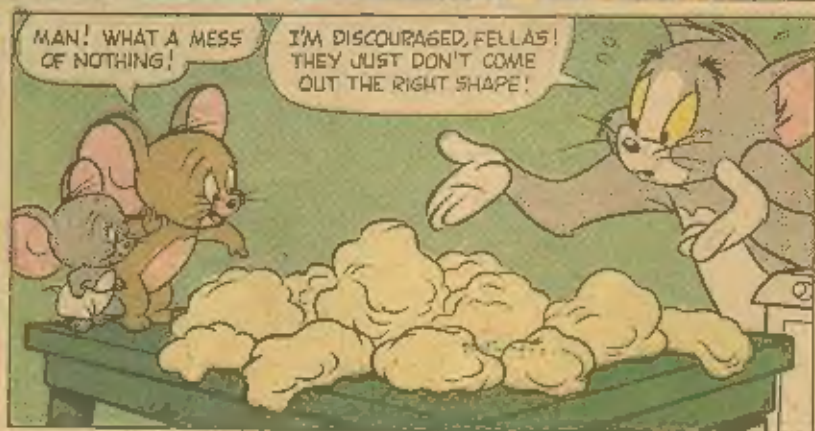
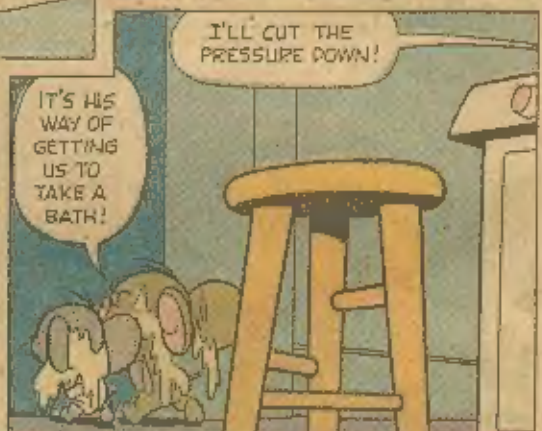
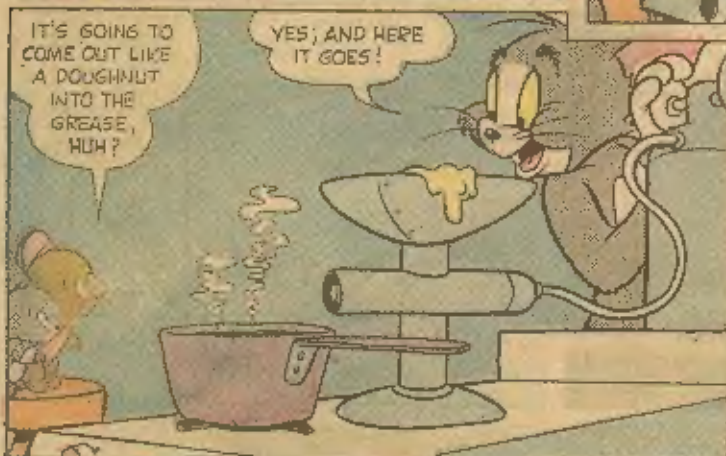
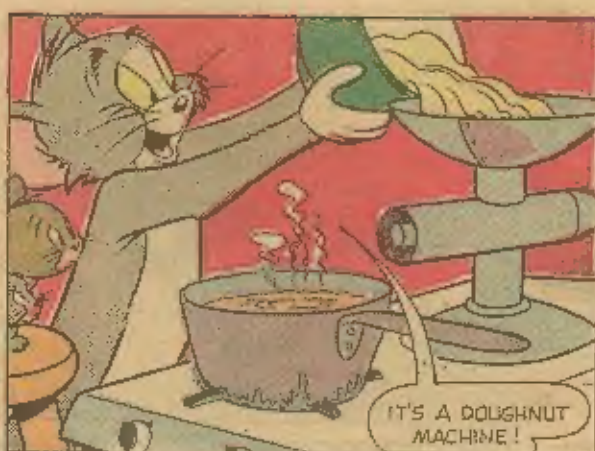
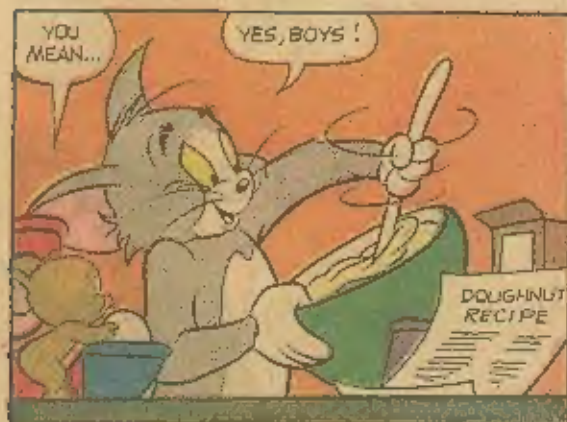
WHAT WILL  
IT DO?

WE DON'T KNOW  
TILL WE WIND UP  
THE CLOCK WORKS  
INSIDE IT!

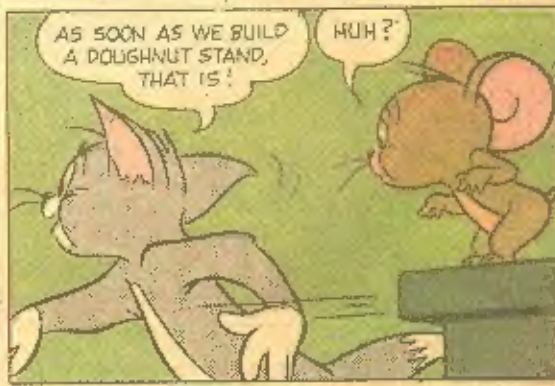
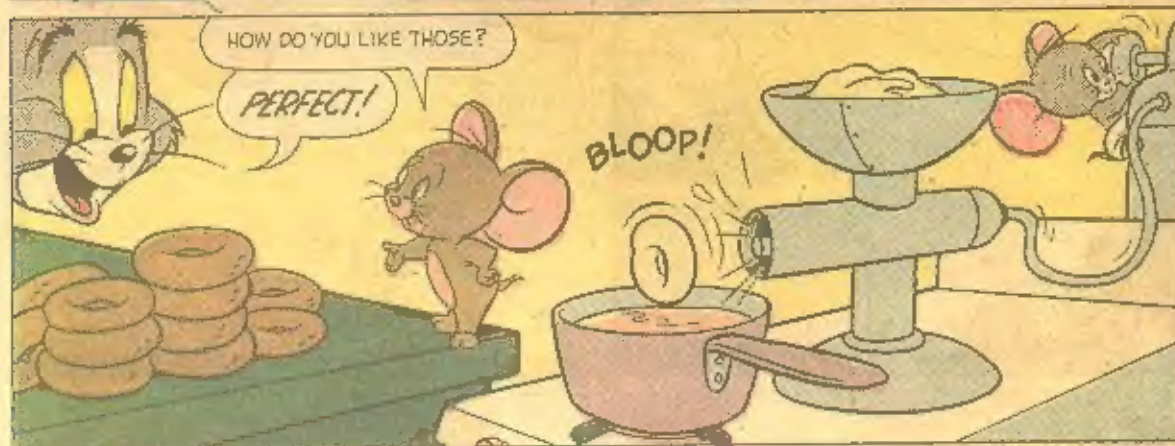
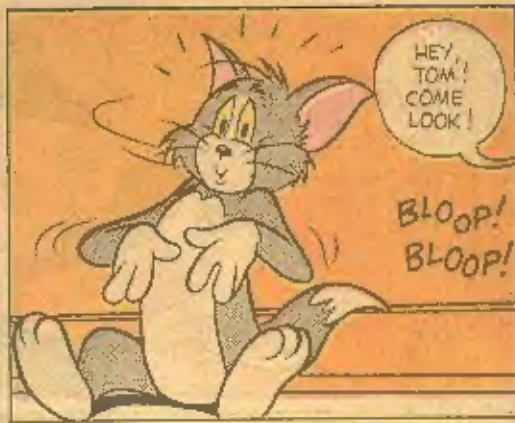
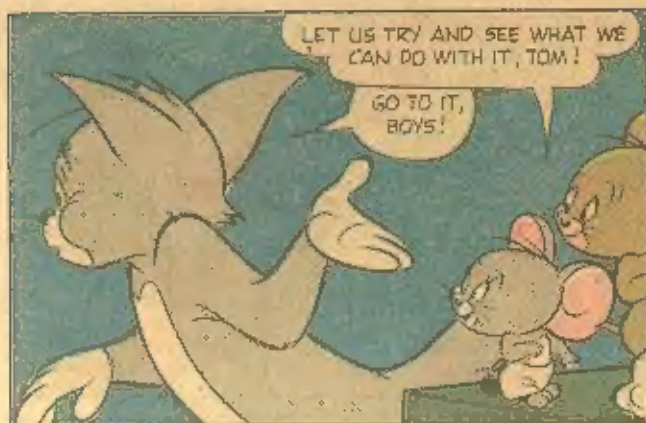




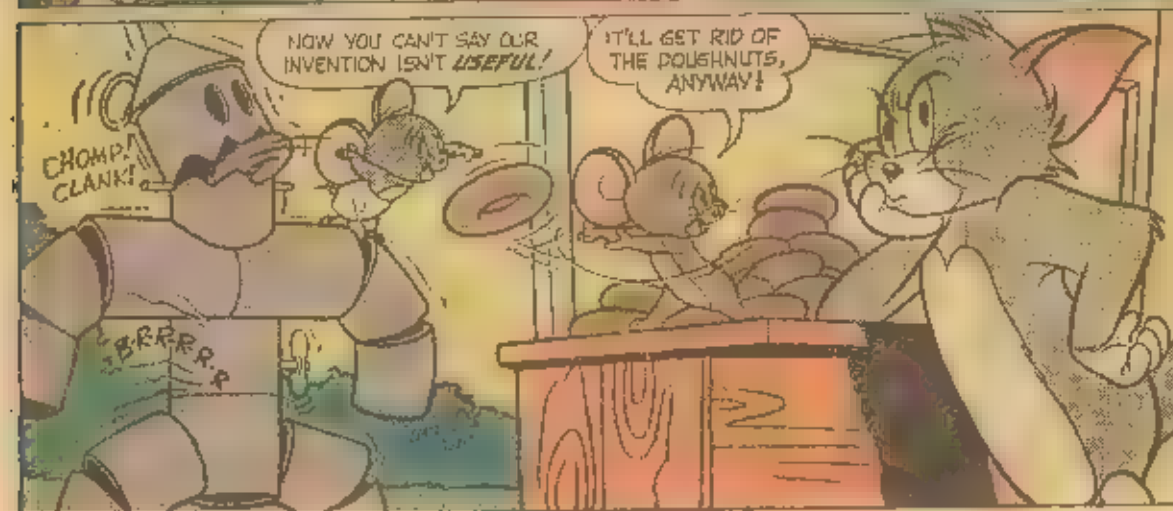
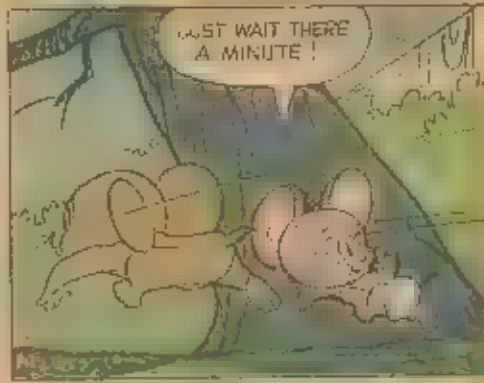
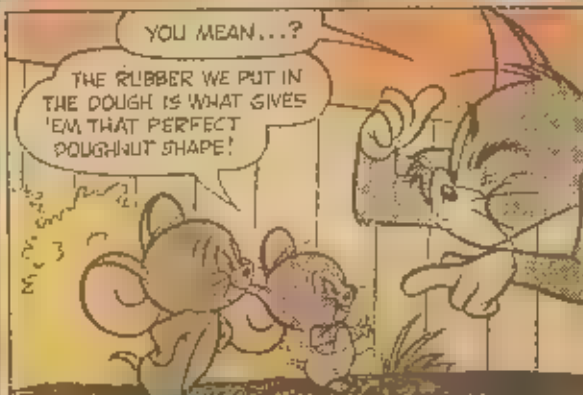
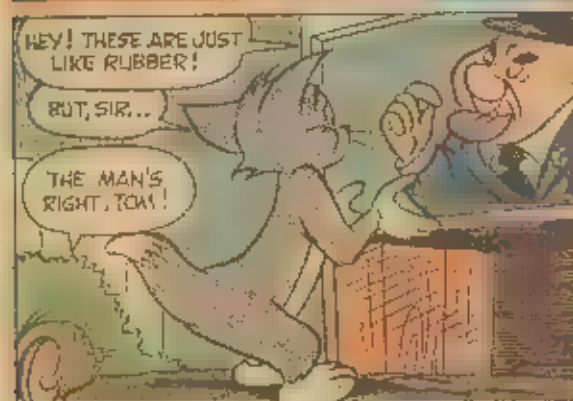
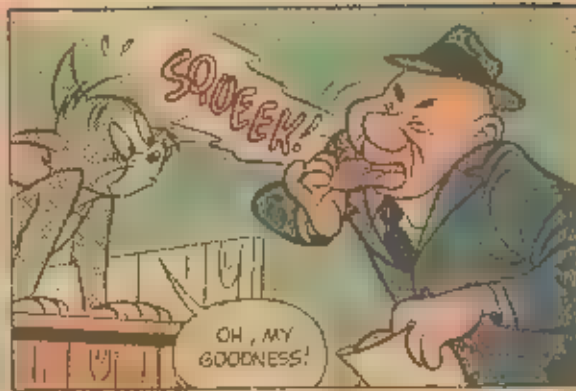














# The CHATTY CHAMPION



"Chee, Pinky," Bertie Bird whispered to his friend, Pinky Crossbill, "isn't that Windy Woodpecker headed this way?"

"It sure is!" Pinky muttered. "Quick, let's duck! When that guy starts shooting the breeze, no one has a chance to get a word in sideways!"

But Windy had already spotted them. "We're sunk," Pinky sighed. "Hi, Windy," he added, as the woodpecker landed on the branch beside them. "How's tricks?"

Windy puffed up his chest importantly. "Not knowing, I can but hazard a guess as to the inquiry you pose. However —"

Bertie Bird blinked his eyes rapidly and appealed to Pinky. "What did he say?"

"He's fine," Pinky groaned.

Windy pecked three times on the tree branch. "Knock wood," he added, "but —"

"We won't have time for the 'but,'" Pinky said swiftly. "Bertie and I have a very important errand to attend to."

"We have?" Bertie asked in amazement. Pinky shot him a glance. "Oh, yes," Bertie concluded hastily. "I guess we have!"

And before Windy had a chance to protest, Bertie and Pinky had taken off with a great flutter of wings.

"Most impetuous fellows," sighed Windy. "I wanted to warn them of Howard Hawk's presence in this immediate vicinity, but they were in too much of a hurry! Maybe I can catch them."

"Boy," Pinky breathed, as he and Bertie sailed through the air, "that guy can really talk up a storm!"

Bertie twinkled. "He didn't get his name for nothing," he agreed. Suddenly, he looked back and groaned. "Uh-oh! It looks like he's right behind us!"

"ZIGZAG!" Pinky shouted. "We can shake him if we try. Honestly," he added in exasperation, "wouldn't you think Windy would know when he's not wanted?"

"He's trying to signal us," Bertie exclaimed. "Come on back, Pinky. There's no need to hurt his feelings."

"It's his feelings or our ears," Pinky grunted, "but I guess you're right."

They were just about to circle in mid-air when a dark shadow loomed overhead. "What's that?" Bertie asked fearfully.

Pinky Crossbill gulped. "It looks like Howard Hawk, I'm afraid!"

"I'm afraid, too!" Bertie whimpered.

"Maybe he hasn't seen us," Pinky said reassuringly. "Look! Windy's waving for us to stay undercover."

"What about him?" Bertie protested. "We can't leave him with Howard Hawk!"

Just then, the huge dark shadow zoomed over their heads and flew directly towards the woodpecker. "Come on," Pinky shouted. "Windy needs help!"

Very frightened but bravely, the two little friends trailed after the hawk.

"B-Bite him!" Bertie decided. "It's the only thing we can do!"

But there was no need for such action, for Windy was talking a steady stream as he circled around the hawk. Finally, Howard Hawk clasped his hands over his ears and shook his head hard. With a frantic zoom, he fled through the air.

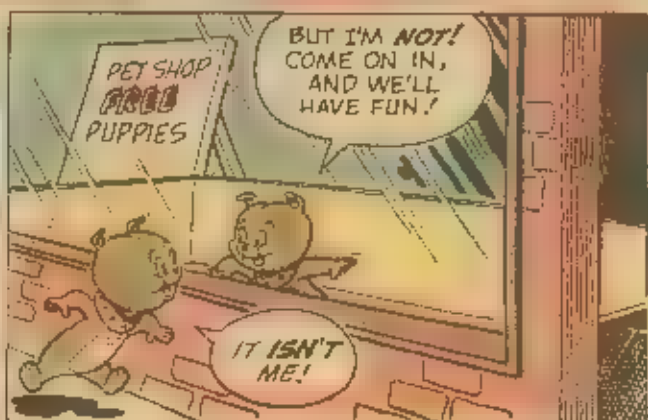
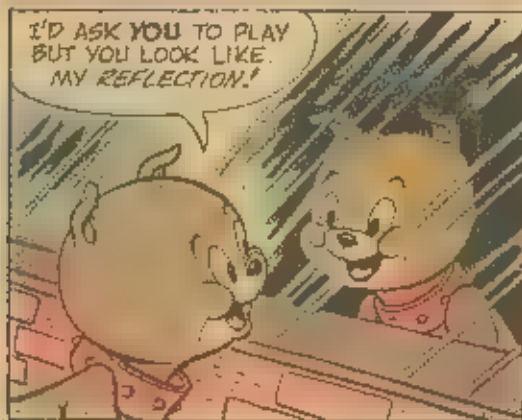
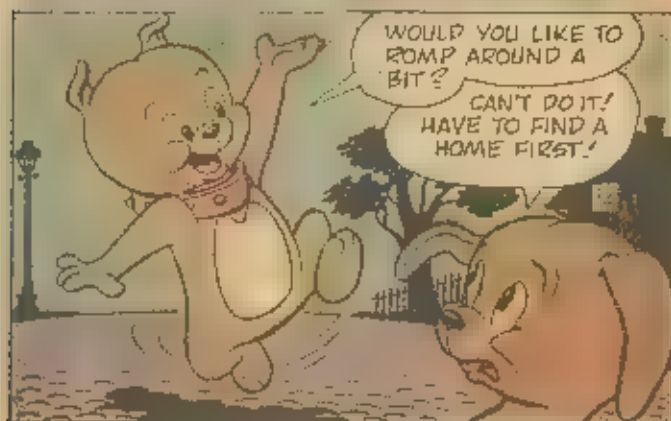
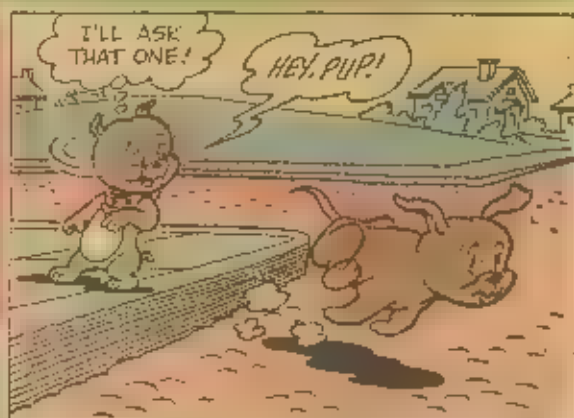
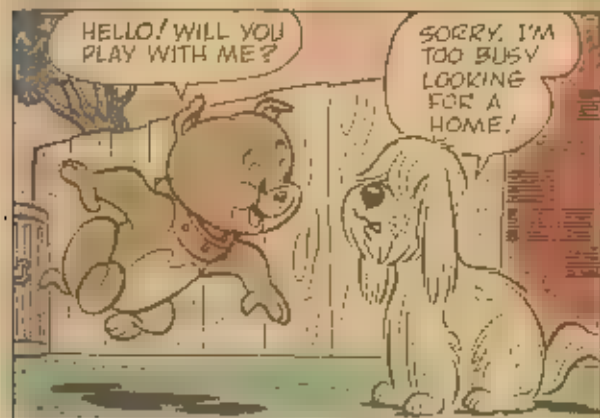
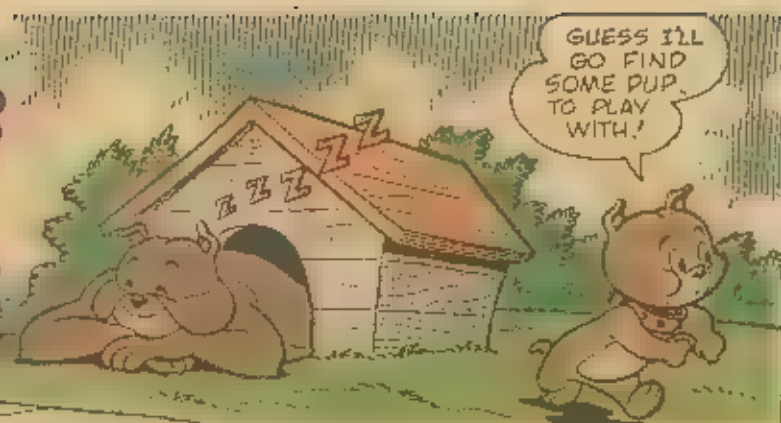
Bertie Bird and Pinky raced up to Windy and poured out their thanks. "I'm sorry we walked out on you," Bertie apologized. "You can talk to us any time!"

"You bet!" Pinky said enthusiastically. But for once, Windy was speechless!

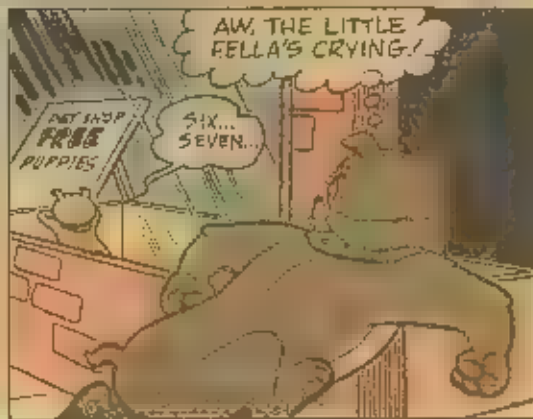
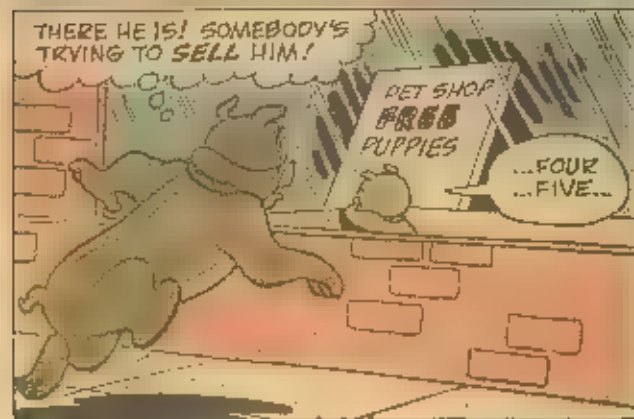
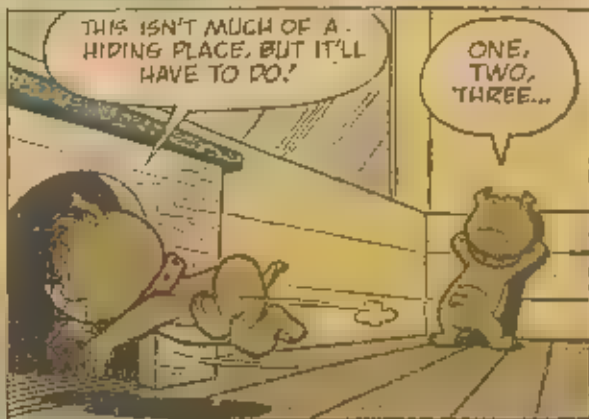
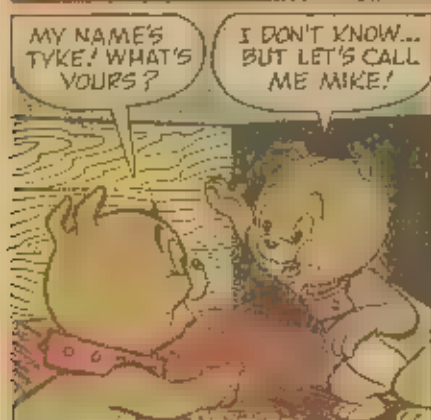
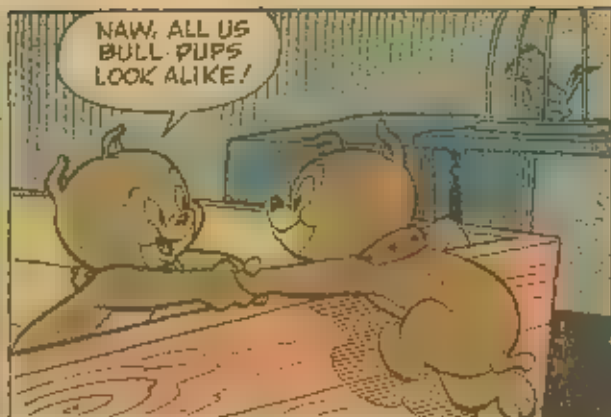


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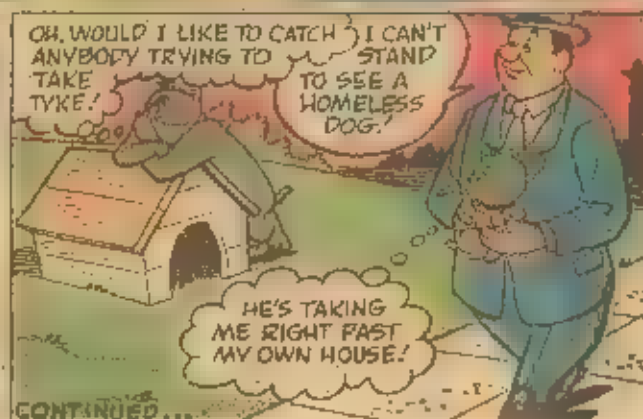
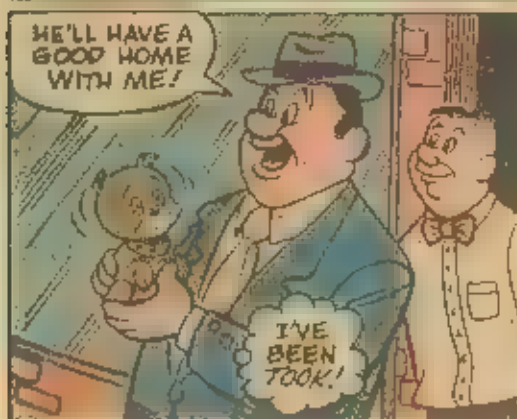
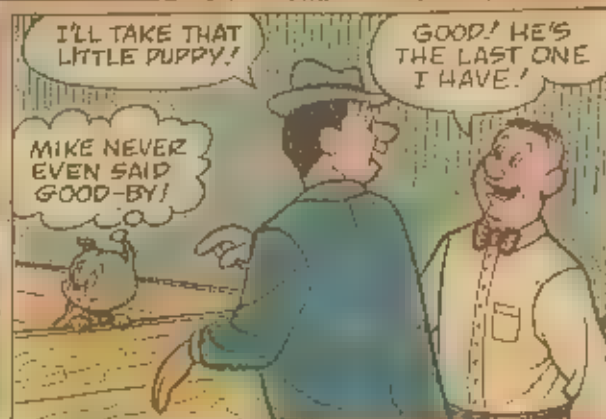
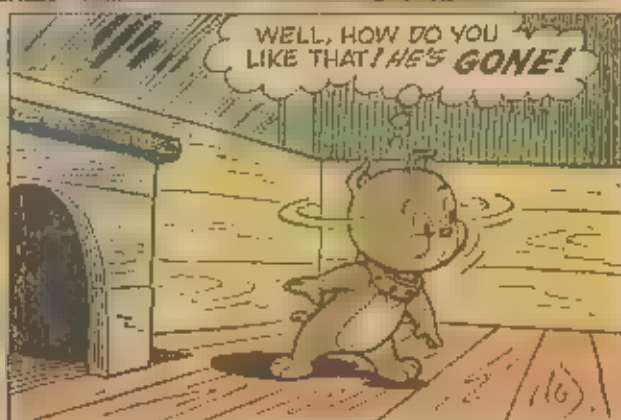
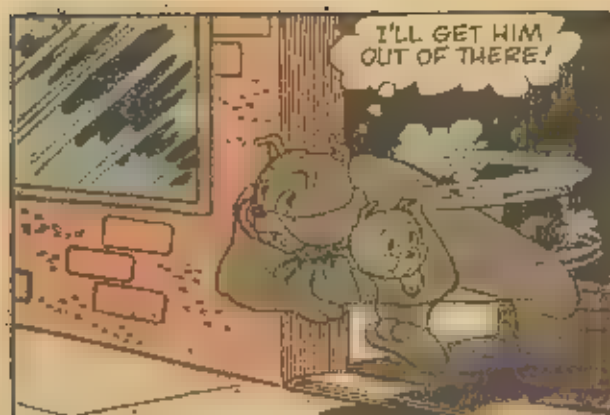
# Big SPIKE and Little TYKE











CONTINUED...





# GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB NEWS



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Comedy also highlights the Gold Key program as the holiday season gets under way next month. And what could be more fitting?

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Here is one of the all-time favorites, a super collection of supernatural stories to tease your imagination. Take a journey into the strange and thought-provoking world of THE TWILIGHT ZONE next month.

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DARK SHADOWS—with a **■**g pull-out poster of Barnabas Collins, the vampire with biting appeal!



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Letter C



Number 3

Darcy Nelson  
Rupert, Idaho

Number 7



Mary Elizabeth James  
Cooksville, Ontario,  
Canada

Letter b



Letter D



Number 9

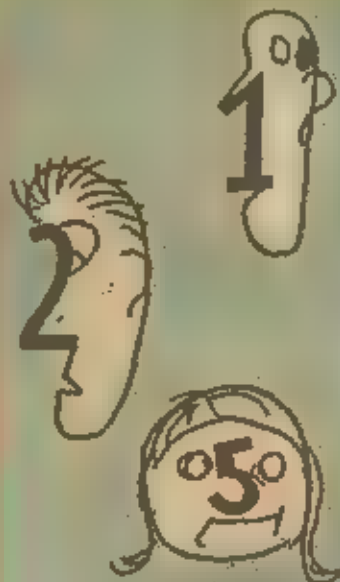
Susan Mansfield  
Concordia, Kansas

Letter Z



Letter K

Patty Sperle  
Leola, South Dakota



Numbers 1, 2, 5

Sonya Dresser  
Seneca Falls,  
New York

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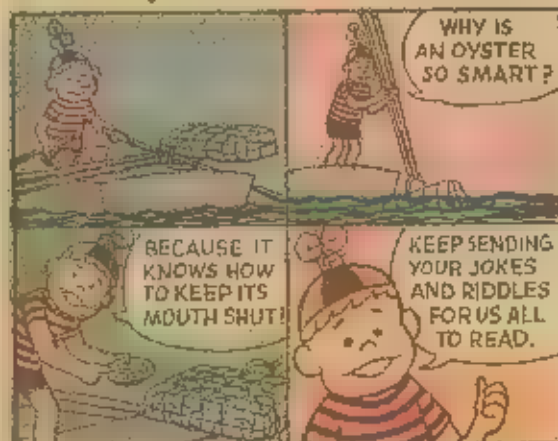
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HA1





# JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: Why is a wig like a lie?

Answer: Because they're both falsehoods.

Susan Mann—Newark, New Jersey

Riddle: Why are small boys like flannel pajamas?

Answer: They both shrink from washing.

Kevin Fleming—Denver, Colorado

Riddle: What did one queen bee say to the other queen bee?

Answer: Mind your own bees' nest.

Larry Edward Harris—Carrollton, Ohio

John: I once had an uncle who worked in a watch factory?

Bob: What did he do?

John: He sat around making faces.

Melanie Martin—Cleveland, Ohio

Helen: Did you know that the animals came to Noah's ark in pairs?

Ellen: Yes, all but the worms. They came in apples.

Tracy Jones—Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

Terry: Why is your dog running around in circles?

Merry: He's a watchdog and he's winding himself up.

Beverly Irving—Cincinnati, Ohio

Son: Dad, may I borrow the car tonight?

Dad: No. What did you think you have two feet for?

Son: One's for the gas pedal and the other's for the brake.

Gerard Aldridge—Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada

**KNOCK KNOCK!**

Who's There?

Isabel.

Isabel who?

Isabel necessary on a bike?

Tom Gazo—Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Gorilla who?

Gorilla my dreams, I love you.

Larry W. Parrish—Columbus, Mississippi

Sarah who?

Sarah doctor in the house?

David Reimes—Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada

Waldo who?

Waldon't just stand there, do something.

Robert Brand—Newark, New Jersey

Eileen who?

Eileen on you for support.

Leonard Hopkins—Denver, Colorado

Annette who?

Annette is needed to catch butterflies.

Linda Kempel—Norfolk, Virginia

Wilfred who?

Wilfred never get here?

Evelyn Roy—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Riddle: What has six feet and sings?

Answer: A trio.

Betty Grier—Richland, Georgia

Teacher: Johnny, how many bones do you have in your body?

Johnny: I have nine hundred.

Teacher: We'll that is more than I have.

Johnny: Yes, but I had fish for lunch.

Michael Mullen—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Riddle: What did the leopard say when he ate a hot dog?

Answer: That hit the right spot.

Jeanne Hagon—Garden City, Michigan

Son: Dad, I got 100 in school today.

Father: Good! What subject?

Son: Two—60 in arithmetic and 40 in spelling.

Wendy June Harnum—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Tourist: How do you get to Bigtown?

Farmer: We drive over in my station wagon.

Bonnie McCarley—Birmingham, Alabama

Riddle: Two mice were sitting on top of a wall. One fell off. What did the other one do?

Answer: He used mouse-to-mouse resuscitation.

Debbie Hejndel—Payette, Idaho

Billy: How do you remove varnish?

Harry: Take out the "r" and make it vanish.

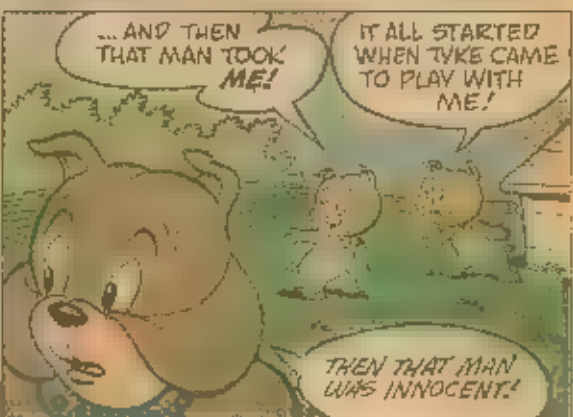
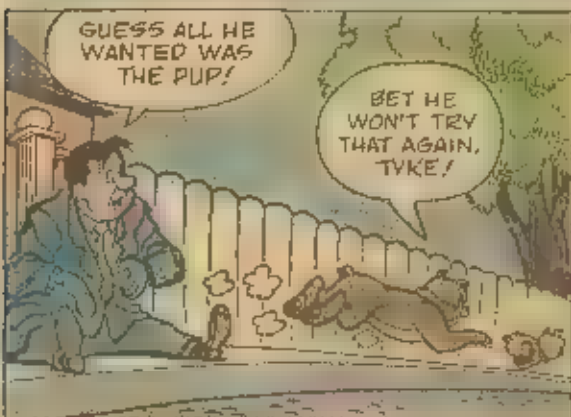
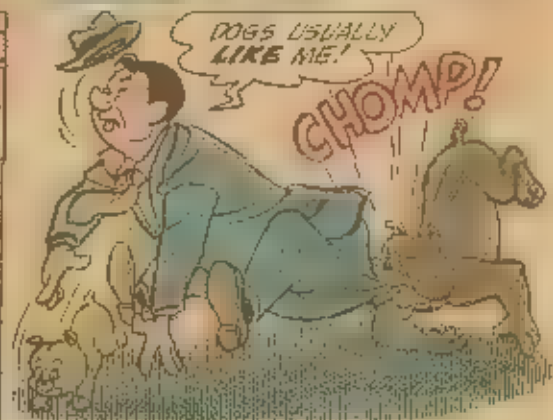
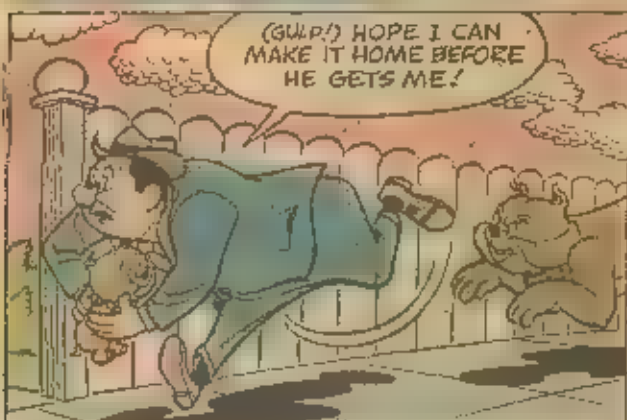
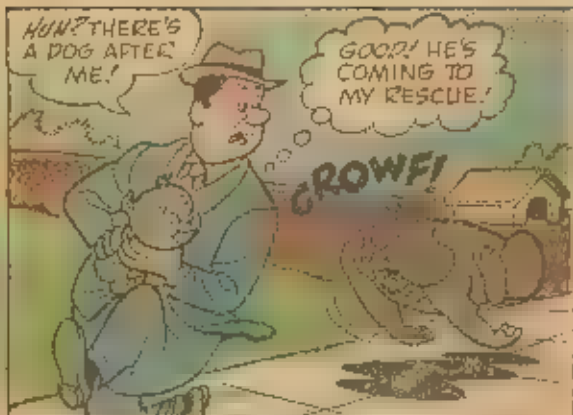
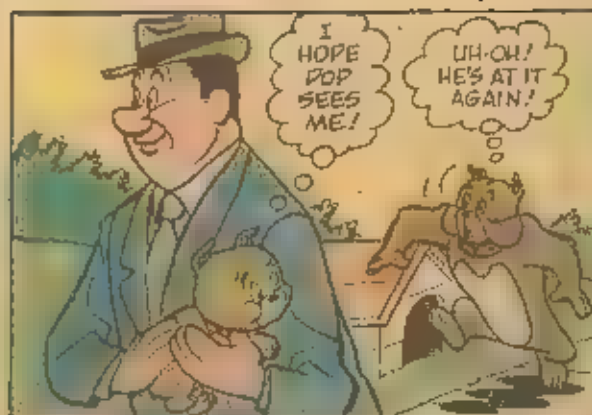
Robert Zembell—Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

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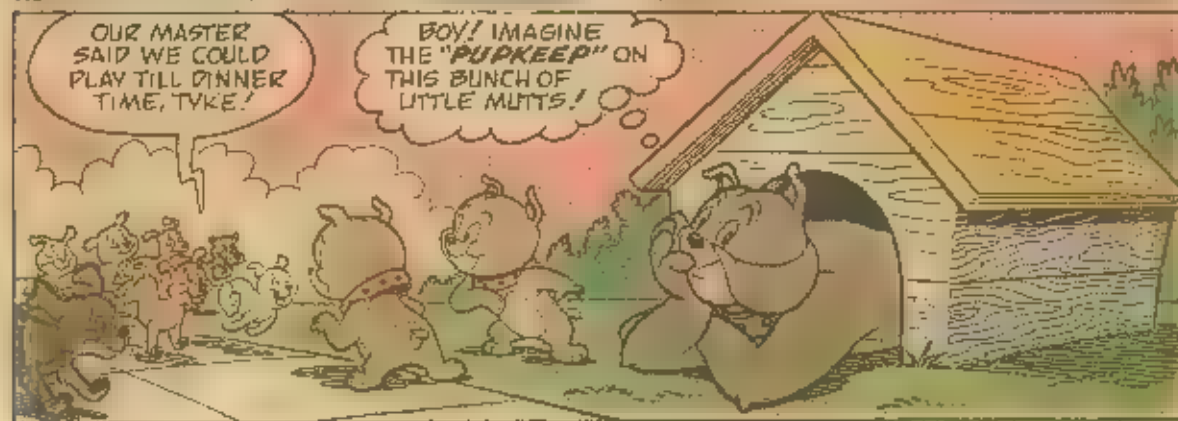
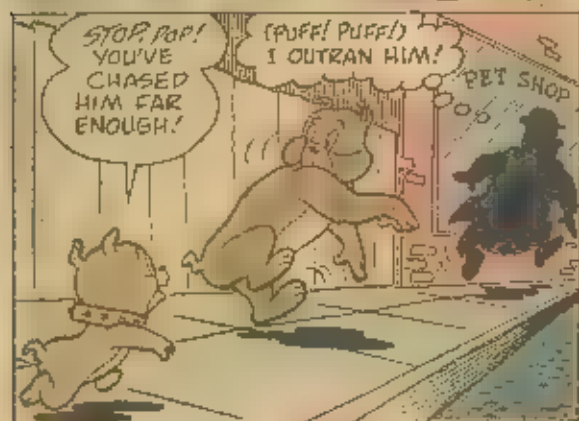
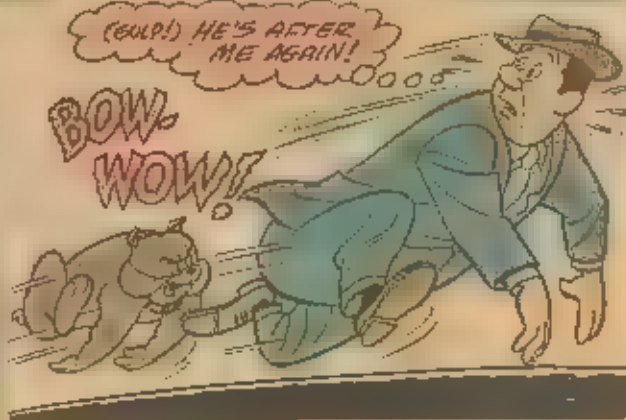
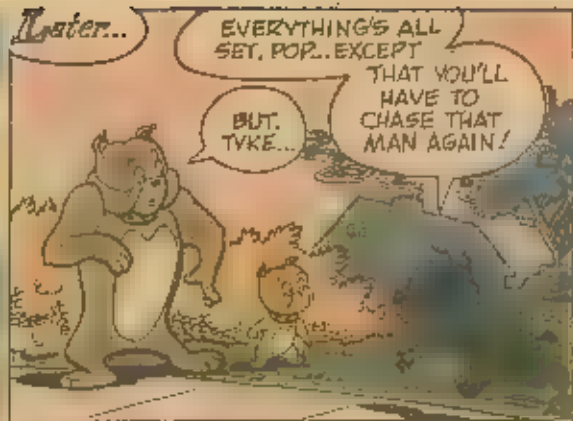
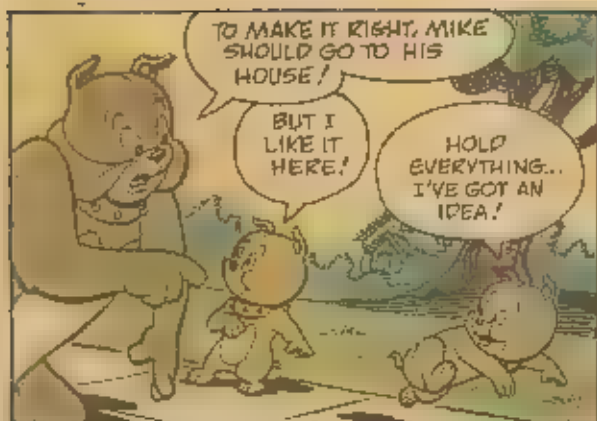
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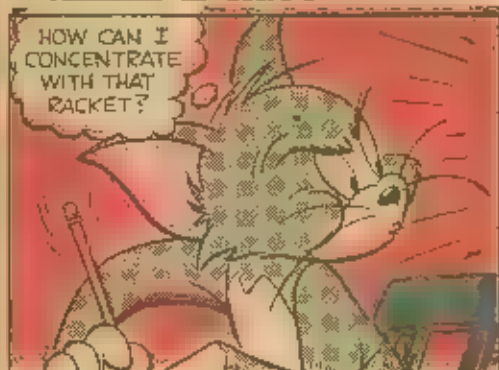
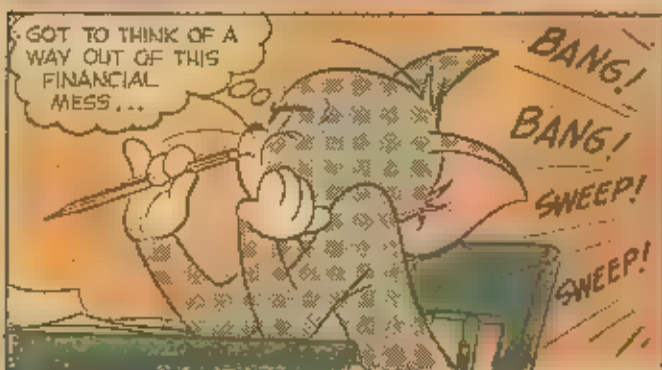
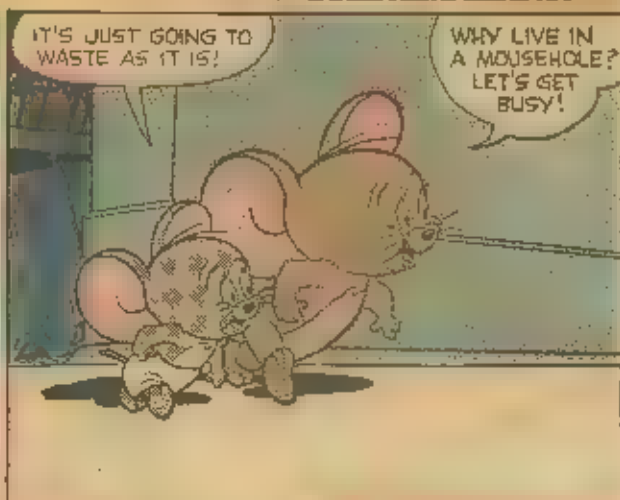
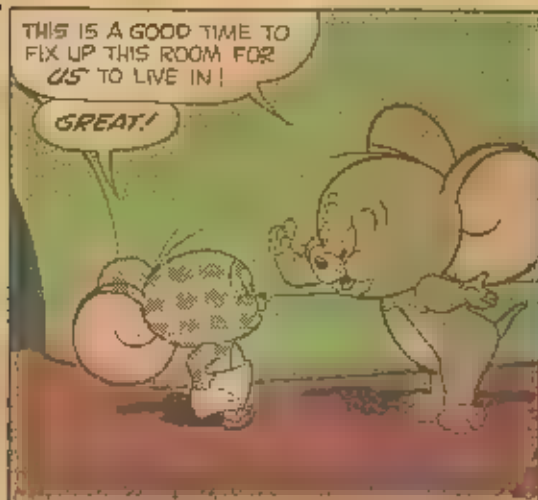
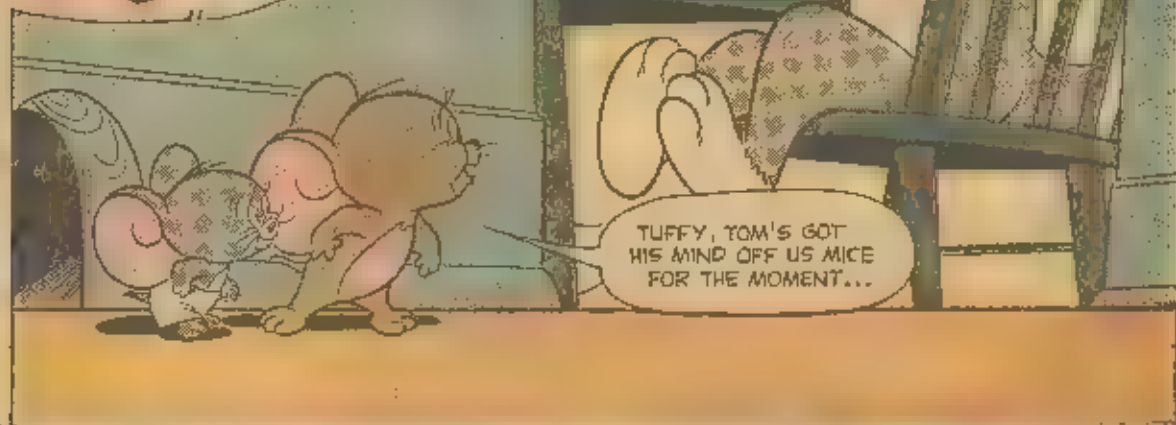




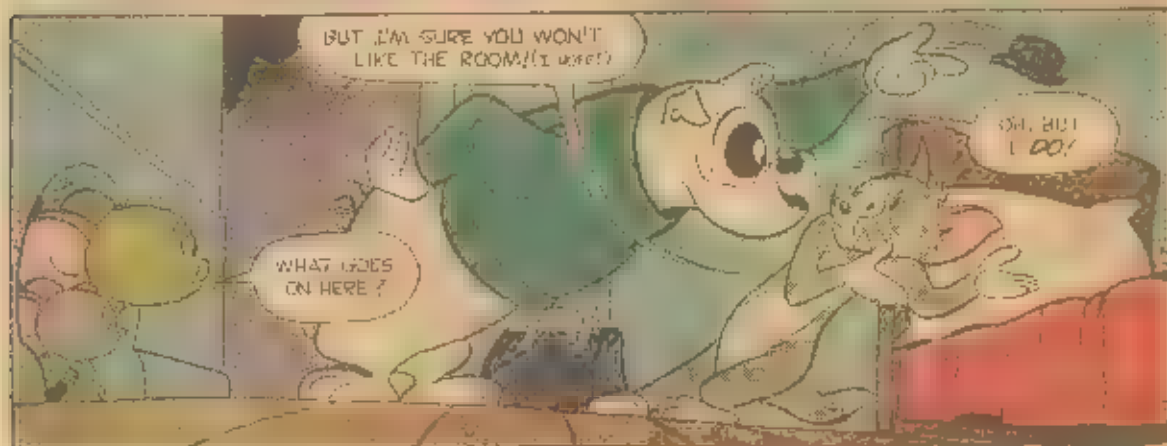
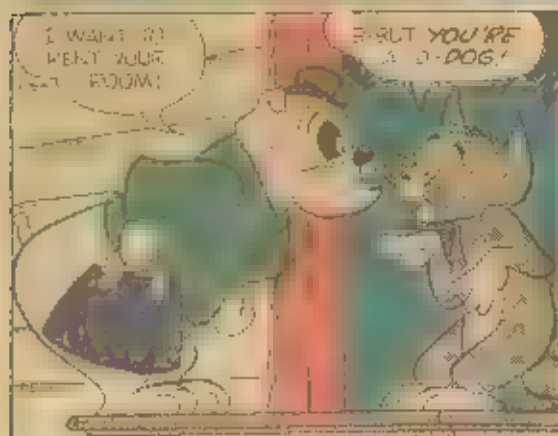
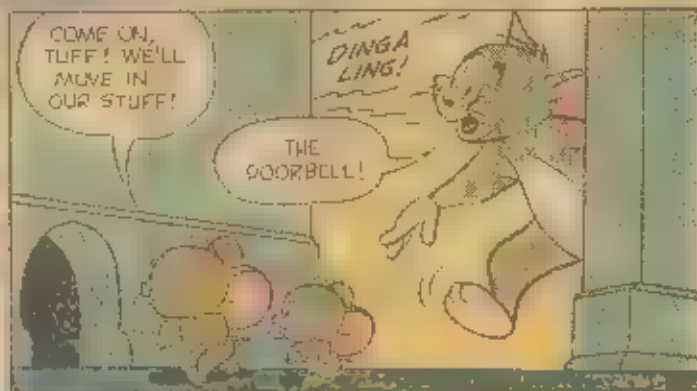


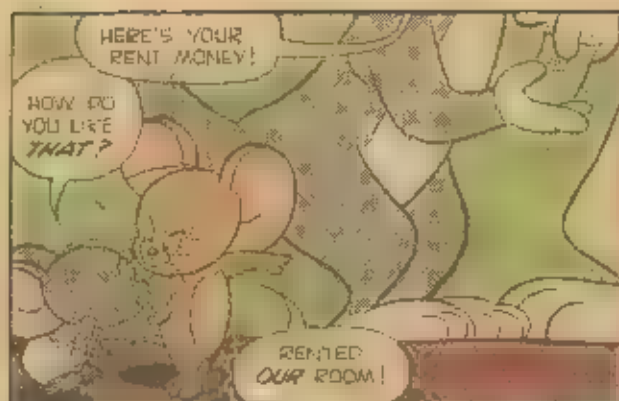
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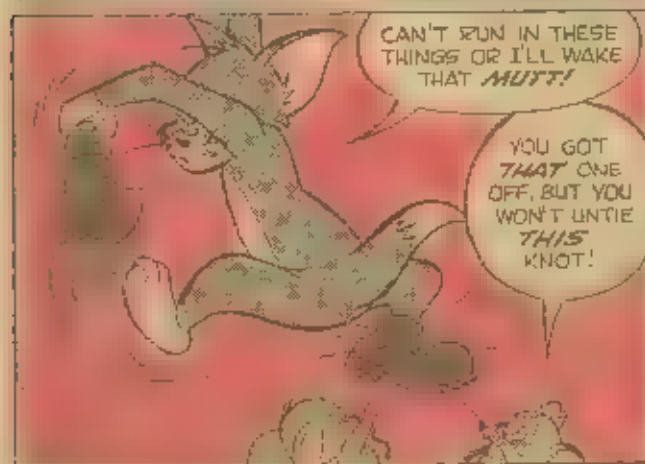
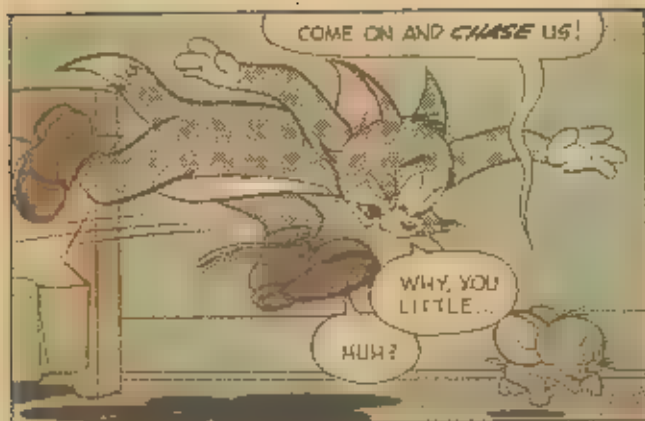


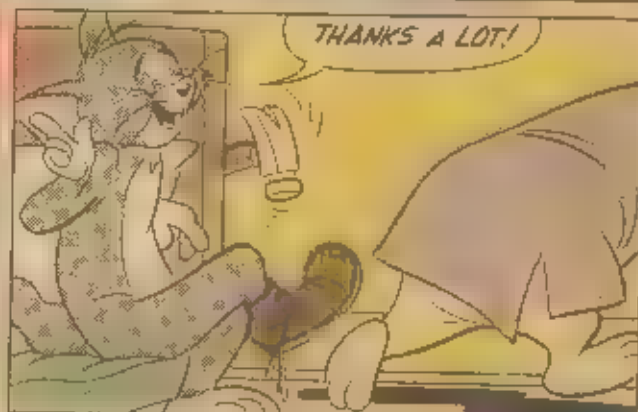
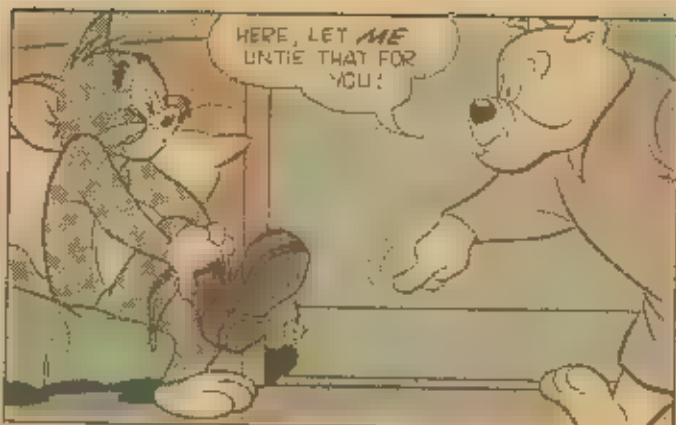




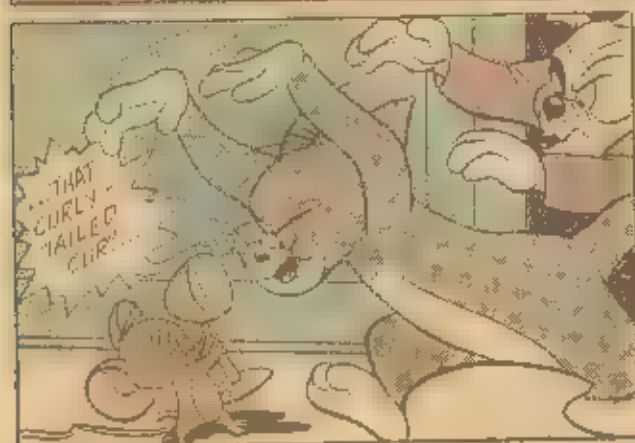
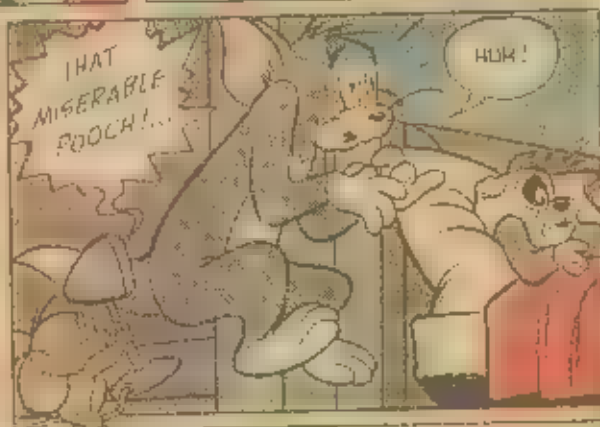
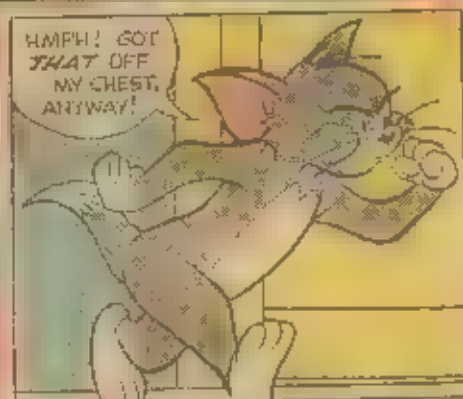
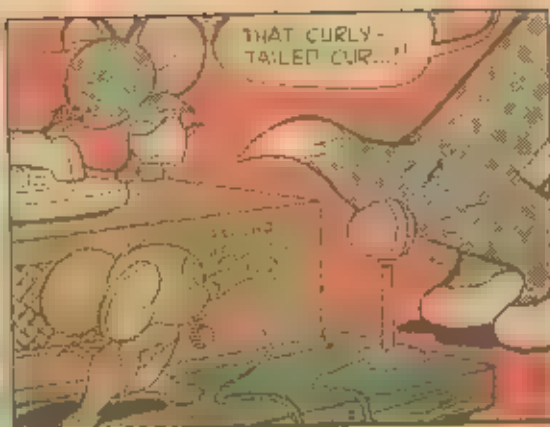


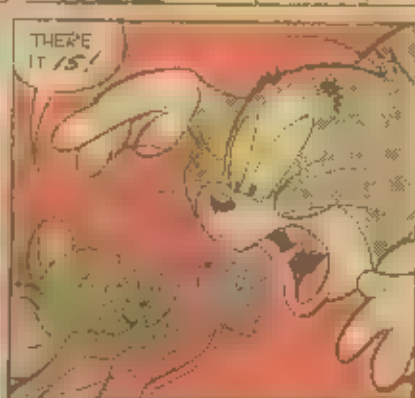
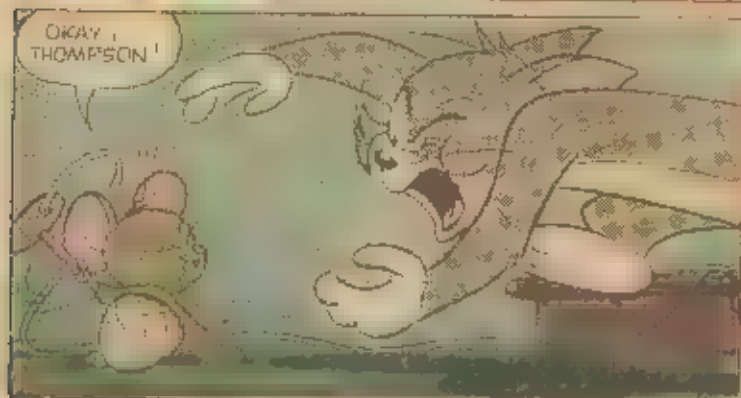
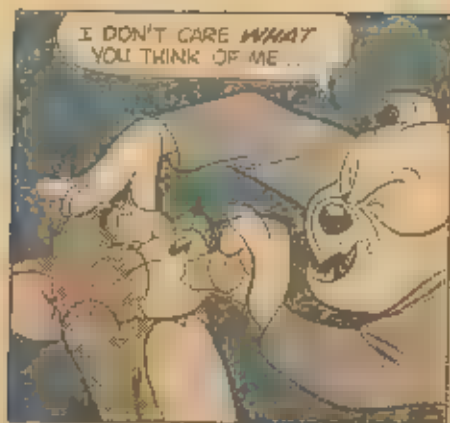




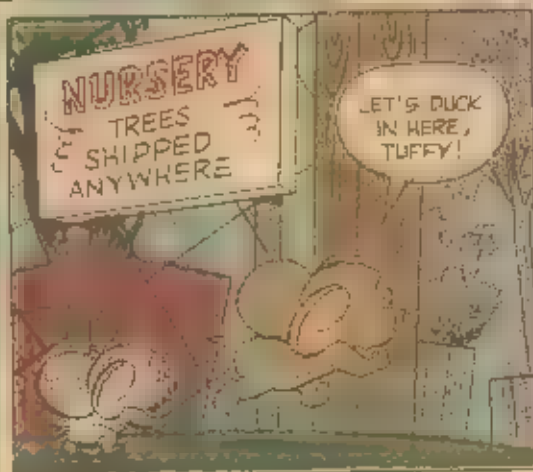
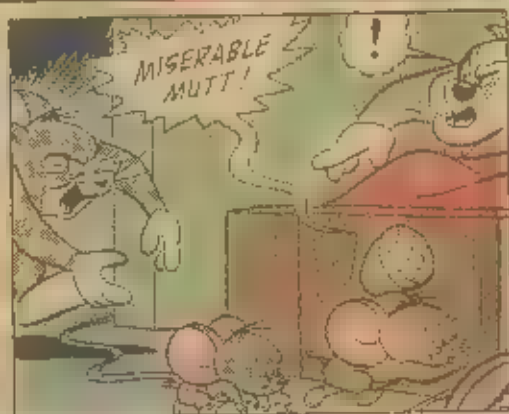
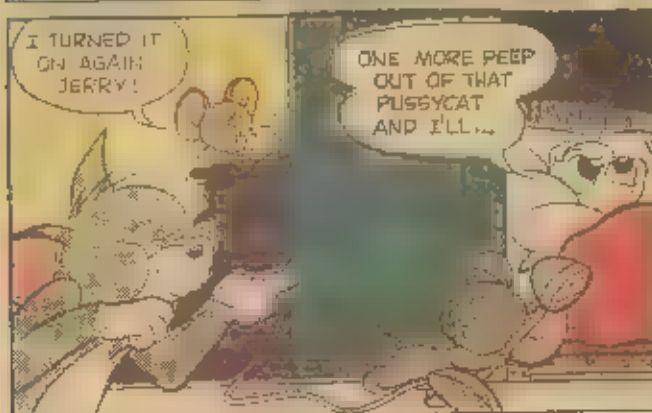
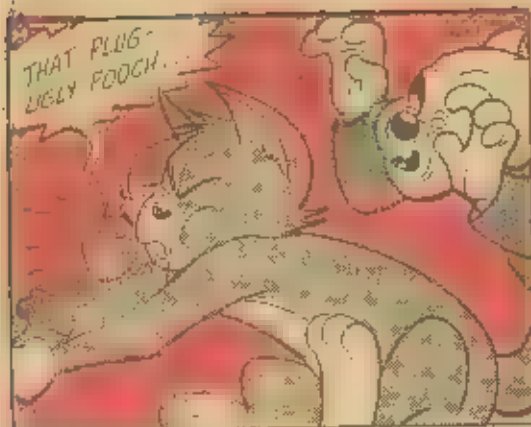


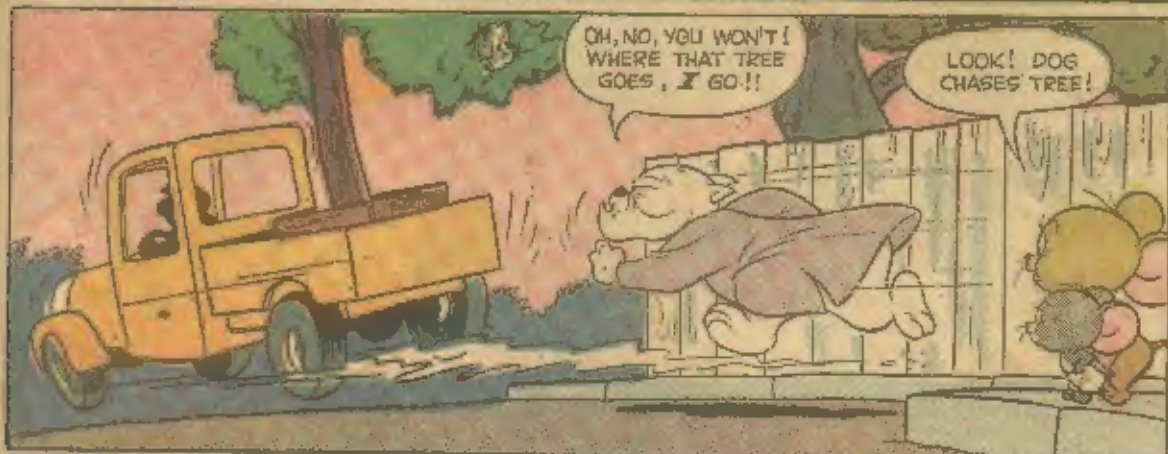




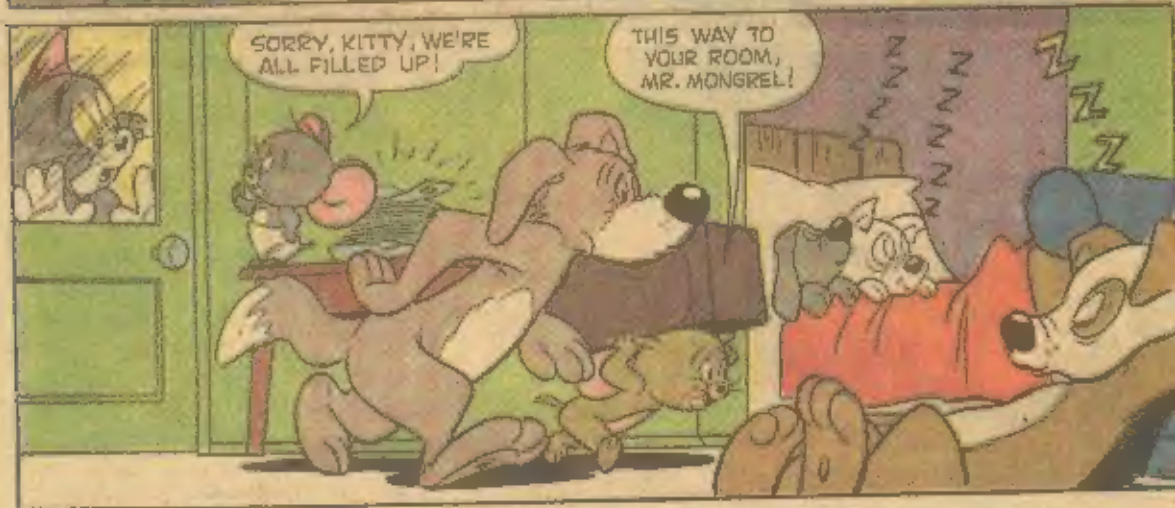
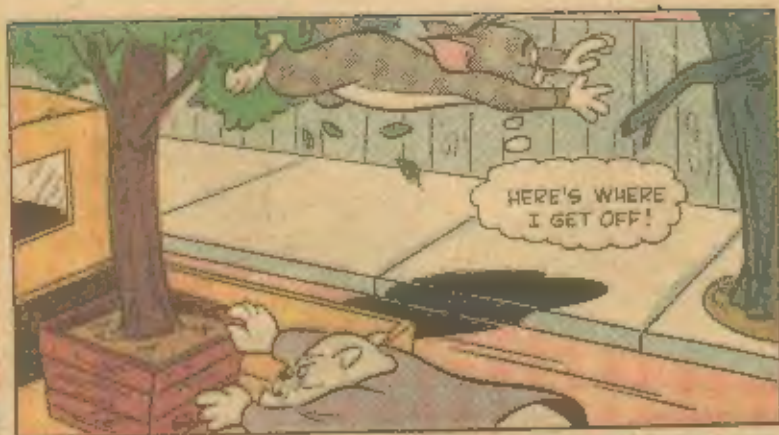
















# DINOSAURIA

## TRICERATOPS



Triceratops was the last of the horned dinosaurs. It was also the largest — about twenty feet long and eight feet high. Its huge skull was seven feet long from the tip of its nose to the end of its bony neck. Its name means "horns on the face." Living about seventy million years ago, it roamed the dry plateau lands of northeast Asia and northwest America. It moved on short, powerful feet, dragging its tail on the ground. It was a plant-eater feeding on soft plants and small saplings.



Triceratops was probably a herding dinosaur, traveling about in large groups from one grazing ground to another. Despite its fierce appearance, it was a peaceful animal until attacked.



If attacked, it could not seek refuge in deep water nor did it have armor plating to crouch under as other dinosaurs did. Instead, its sharp horns became its formidable defense.





# Spittin' Image Sportsters... from DAISY

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